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WHAT P. GREEN KNOWS ABOUT C. NILSSON.

The subscriber was accosted on the street, a short time since, by the editor of this magazine, who demanded to be furnished straightway with "something funny" for his forthcoming number. He was told that there was nothing funny going, except Miss Ream's new statue of Lincoln, and that he could have that written up in the best style of the art by defraying the expense of a journey to Washington and back—\$120—and \$200 for the time and mental torture of the subscriber while "doing" the statue. The coat-tail of the editor aforesaid is not long, like art (*ars longa*, you know, *et cetera*)—especially, wasn't long in disappearing around the nearest street corner, and at which time it was observed to be strictly horizontal, and at right angles with the body of its genteel wearer.

Thus terminated that interview; but the fugitive, sometime after arriving at his office, seems to have mustered courage, or resolution at least, for he soon promulgated the following document:

ART REVIEW OFFICE,
Jan., 1871.

P. GREEN, ESQ.:

I have it. You must write me something about Nilsson. This does not authorize you, however, to make a trip to any place, especially Washington, for the purpose. It must be new and original.

(Signed) ED. REVIEW.

To this I had the honor to respond:

ED. REVIEW:

Must it be true? If not, I can do it.

P. GREEN.

The answer was:

P. GREEN, ESQ.:

Yes; new and true; put her through.

ED. REVIEW.

I was obliged to put in here the following statement:

ED. REVIEW:

Are you aware that there has been already so much written about The Nightingale that there's only about a quarter of a column left to be said? I have figured it up.

Yours truly, P. GREEN.

Nevertheless, I got the following in reply:

P. GREEN, ESQ.:

Go ahead; and recollect—nothing second-hand.

ED. REVIEW.

So, here goes:

Mademoiselle Nilsson's voice—

But her voice has been exhausted—by the critics and panegyrists—until there is nothing left of it—that is, as a subject for an essay.

Mademoiselle Nilsson's manner—

But her manner has been the subject of still more numerous and more gushing "compositions."

Ah, I have it; her early history in Smoland—

Alas! that has been hashed up very fine, and warmed over, and served in all styles.

Her beauty—

Hang her beauty! Or, rather, it has already been hung in every shop window in America—in Christendom, for aught I know—letting alone the divers millipn copies of her alleged physiognomy, which have been circulated on concert programmes, and "Nilsson Bouquet" show cards. We will let her beauty slide.

This narrows "What I know about Nilsson" down to a rather small compass. I do know, however, that she is a very sagacious, as well as an unusually gifted and amiable young woman.

She keeps about her, to manage her affairs, old Henry Jarrett, who can count you up more experiences in the concert, theatrical and operatic lines, than any other man in the world; him and an Englishwoman, named Mrs. Richardson, has Nilsson to assist her in managing her affairs; but she can just as well manage her own affairs entirely, and the principal use to which she puts these nice old people is to help entertain her friends.

And I must admit that, as entertainers, they are a complete success. Nobody gives such nice little suppers as the Nilsson. While she was in Chicago, they came off on nearly all the "off" nights of her concerts (and the bill made Strakosch sweat to the tune of \$1,500 for 9 days). They were attended by the artists of the company—at least the more jovial of them—Vieuxtemps, Brignoli and Verger; also by a few newspaper men, each of whom was somehow made to think that he was the real object of Miss Nilsson's admiration, and that the others were invited just to keep them from being offended. This is one of the Nilsson's strong points—distributing her social favors pretty freely, and distributing them so skillfully that each recipient thinks he is the favored one. And she does it with such a *naïve* and natural way that those who encounter it can't tell, for the life of them, whether, as they would fain believe, it is all spontaneous and special, or whether, as seems most likely, it is all in the way of business.

I am able to say, from actual observation, that Miss Nilsson eats and drinks. It is a mortifying fact, and one that plays the iconoclast with some of our daintiest imaginings; but she eats and drinks, nevertheless. But I am able to add that her viands and her beverages are much more sensible than those of most young ladies. She approaches a saddle of mutton with a feeling of easy confidence, and she pours a trifle of wine into her glass of water as one who is thoroughly mistress of her appetites, and in no danger of over indulgence. She likewise seems to take a real comfort in appealing to her matron for advice as to pastry, and on that advice, takes only the fruit, and leaves the paste for the pigs or the table boys. Cake, I am qualified to state, she generally eschews. As to porter, it is a fact that she sometimes stimulates with that at concerts; but not usually. In opera, always.

That will do for Mademoiselle's feeding habits. I have only to add that she speaks very fair English, with a very peculiar and rather charming accent; that she "pans out" beautifully in conversation, being ready, frank, intelligent, etc.; that she likes Chicago much better than Saint Louis; that she desires very much to see Salt Lake and Brigham Young; that she never goes to a *table d'hôte*; that she is very tender toward her fellow Swedes, and gives a good deal of her time and her money to them; that she is quite fond of excitement and novelty; that there isn't a dull hair in her head; that her dresses are all made by Worth; that she was decidedly on the French side in the late European war; that she doesn't like Adelina Patti at all; and that we shall prob-

ably hear her in opera in America in 1872; and I have finished all that is really first-class of what I know about Nilsson.

For anything more minute, address, with copious enclosure of stamps, P. GREEN.

PORTRAIT OF LOUISE DE LA VALIERE.

In the collection of Bishop Kip, San Francisco.

Amid all the licentiousness of the court of Louis XIV. there is no more romantic story than that of Louise de la Valière. The struggles between her passion for the King and the inward appeals of virtue—her reign as the monarch's favorite—her gentleness and devotion, throwing their veil over the errors of her life—until at last, conscience triumphed, and breaking away from the splendor of the court, she took refuge in the gloom of a convent; the narration of all these has made her name famous through the world.

It is strange that the only authentic portrait of her is in America and on the distant Pacific. It belongs to the Right Rev. Dr. Kip, Bishop of California, and is in his collection at San Francisco. In our September number we gave an account of another famous picture belonging to him—Vanderlyn's "Marius on the Ruins of Carthage"—and, perhaps, our readers may like an account of this portrait of la Valière, as it is one of the most remarkable pictures in our country.

The only other portrait, said to be hers, is in a private collection in Antwerp. It is a double portrait, professing to represent Louis XIV. and la Valière, sitting side by side. It is, however, an indifferent painting, portraying her not at all in accordance with the personal description of that day, and is generally acknowledged to be a spurious portrait. The picture belonging to Bishop Kip, on the contrary, exactly agrees with the accounts of her personal appearance, given in cotemporary works of biography.

The tradition with regard to this portrait is, that it was painted by the court painter, Le Brun, for the private collection of Louis XIV. It is certainly in his style, and would bear comparison with any of his pictures in the Louvre. It is, too, the only picture by Le Brun, of whose existence we know in this country.

The Duchess is represented nearly full length, in a rich court dress. Her lips and cheeks are evidently rouged. It is a perfectly French face—great sweetness but no particular intellect. In this respect it differs widely from the pictures of the English beauties of Charles II. reign, which we see at Hampton court. At her left hand stands a little blackamoor page, in gay dress, with a metal collar about his neck. (Miss Pardoe says, in her history, "It was fashionable among the ladies of Louis XIV. court to have blackamoor pages.") His left hand holds a wreath of flowers to his side, while his right hand is held up and his whole attitude shows astonishment. The Duchess has her left hand on his head, while her right hand is dipping a little cloth in the marble basin of a fountain. It is said that before she entered the convent she had herself tak^d thus, attempting to wash a blackamoor white, to show her own sense of the difficulty of her repentance. It was a perfectly French idea. No English penitent would have dreamed of such a demonstration.